

Miller & Rhoads. Miller & Rhoads. Miller & Rhoads.

# The Best We Can Get is Not Too Good For Our August China Sale.



You can judge by the window display just what kind of a China Store we have, and yet the window is only a sample.

These exquisite creations of the potter's art have been brought to us from every land where China is made—the most of them imported directly by us from the foreign man-

ufacturers. There's not a fancy price on any of them—nothing but a fair commercial profit which we know you're willing to pay.

The Austrian China Dinner Set shown in the cut is one of the prettiest we have in the store. 102 pieces for \$48.00. The gold lining and tracing set off by the delicate green border makes an exquisite decoration.

Wonderful how expert the Austrian potters have become of late years—many people consider them the equal of the best of the French.

Porcelain Dinner Sets of 100 pieces for \$10.00. The pieces are large in this set and the patterns unusually neat.

A handsome low-priced English China Dinner Set of 100 pieces is \$11.00. Deep border pattern of green. Eight patterns in Porcelain Dinner Sets of 100 pieces each for \$13.50. The pieces are all large, new in shape and traced in gold.

Many people do not need a full Dinner Set. For such we have a handsome French China Set of 50

pieces for \$12.00. Decorations in blue.

English China Dinner Sets of 40 pieces for \$4.95.

Haviland's make, a Dinner Set of 102 pieces for \$35.00 that can't be surpassed at this price for quality or decoration—the latter being in blue, with a coin gold stipple.

Open stock patterns are always necessary, as with the best of care China will get broken.

We have a Haviland Dinner Set of 111 pieces in open stock patterns—new shapes, floral decorations and the best gold stipple, \$39.00.

A Chop Set of 13 pieces in Royal China for \$15.00 is one of the finest Sets of China of this kind that we have ever seen. The decorations are particularly rich and the price compared with like articles is low.

\$3.50 a dozen for Chocolate Cups and Saucers of Haviland China.

The decorations are all new. Fine China Salad Bowls in assorted patterns and every one a good value, \$1.00 each.

China Cream Pitchers, extra large prettily decorated, 10c each.

Double Egg Cups of imported White China, \$1.00 dozen.

Miller & Rhoads

## Social and Personal

Thomas Dixon, Jr., whose new novel, "The Only Way," is at present the mid-summer literary sensation, has one of the most beautiful estates within the borders of the Old Dominion, which he has named Dixondale.

His home, "Elmington Manor," is a spacious dwelling with thirty-five rooms. The beautiful lawn, with a mile or more of beach, has a splendid grove of about three hundred trees. The driveway tends two miles from the front gate to the porte cochere.

Mr. Dixon does his writing in a log cabin, which he built, and from which he can look out upon nature and be as far removed from disturbing influences as possible. Mr. Dixon derives a large income from the sale of his books, "The Only Way," which has only been out a short while, sells very strongly with the critics of socialism.

The majority of those who will avail themselves of the Retreat for the Sick excursion this month, having expressed a desire to go to Watkins Glen instead of Philadelphia. Miss Betty Ellerson has changed her schedule to include three days at Niagara, two days at Toronto and one day at Watkins Glen. The excursion will prove a great success in point of numbers and pleasure.

**Personal Mention.**

Mr. Edward Alvey and Mr. Norton Savage left yesterday for the Greenbrier Sulphur. Mr. Savage will remain a week or two. Mr. Alvey will return to spend his vacation with his family at Crozet.

Mrs. Ivanhoe Solater and her sister, Miss Amy Tutwiler, are spending some time at Virginia Beach.

Miss Jessie H. McDaniel will go to Cold Sulphur for the remainder of August.

Miss Rena Stearnes Haley left several days ago for Atlantic City. Her friends, Mrs. Stearnes, of this city, accompanied Miss Stearnes.

Mrs. Clement C. McPhail and Mrs. Jennie McPhail Welsh will spend several weeks at Atlantic City. The Windsor Hotel, Atlantic City, they will also go to New York before coming back to Richmond.

Mrs. James B. Harvie and Mrs. James E. Cannon will leave Saturday for Atlantic City, where Mrs. Harvie will be for several weeks.

Mr. Kate Pendleton Smith reached Richmond from Elkhart, N. C., last evening with her children. Mrs. Smith will leave to-morrow for the home of her uncle, in Louisiana, after which she will visit her father, Dr. Edmund Ford, of Clifton Forge.

Mrs. Charles Pickett Stokes and Miss Allene Stokes, who have been in England for the past two months, have landed in New York and are expected to return to Richmond shortly.

Mrs. William D. Thomas and her two children are also expected home from abroad. They will be in Richmond during the next winter.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles T. Leehr will leave to-day for a short visit to their daughter, Mrs. Oscar Lewis Kent, of Fluvanna county.

Mrs. A. E. Turman and daughter, Adele, are at Mr. Bernard for the summer.

Miss Alma B. Butler, of Church Hill, is the guest of relatives in Petersburg, Va.

Mrs. Horace A. Hawkins, Miss Blanche Hawkins and Mrs. Clarence Maule are the guests of Mrs. Hawkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Taylor, of Lynchburg, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tanner left Thursday morning for Atlantic City, where they will spend ten days at the Strand Hotel.

Mr. G. Palmer Stacy, of New York, has returned after a visit to his parents and a delightful week at Virginia Beach.

Mrs. W. H. Tyler and Mrs. F. B. Young

are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Moss, of Newport News.

Colonel and Mrs. George W. Abbott, of Appomattox county, have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Helen Lavett Abbott and Mr. Mark Bernard, of this city. The marriage will take place at the bride's home, "Gravel Knoll," Appomattox county, on Tuesday morning, August 18th.

Mrs. H. E. Walters, Mrs. James Morton and Misses Margaret and Mary Wall are visiting Colonel and Mrs. E. L. Edmondson, of Newport News.

Mrs. Robert H. Leftwich and Miss Dorothy, her daughter, will go from Virginia Beach to spend the remainder of the summer near the University of Virginia.

Miss Lucy Bowles, who has been visiting relatives here, has left for her home in Staunton, Va.

The Front Royal Horse Show, like those held in other sections, seems to be a great success. A number of people from different parts of the State were in attendance.

Miss Mattie Tredway is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Tredway, of Danville.

Mrs. Fannie Crouch and Miss Brownie Pettit are among the Richmond belles at the Jefferson Park Hotel.

Miss Lula Phillips, who has been visiting in Charlottesville, is now the guest of friends in Gordonsville, Virginia.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins and Miss Bell Perkins are spending some weeks of August most agreeably at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. Anna May Gascoline is visiting Miss Grace Moncure, of "Ellerelle," Caroline county.

Miss Jennie McCarthy is spending some time with Miss Maule Wright, of Ruther Glen, Virginia.

Miss Elsie Detrick is the guest of relatives in Danville, Virginia.

Miss Sophy White is attracting a great deal of attention at the White Sulphur, where she is one of the belles of the season.

Camping parties are an August fad this year. They divide honors with house parties and come out a little ahead of that popular form of entertainment.

Mrs. Luchery Meany and daughter, Mrs. Beale, and Mrs. Blair Meany are spending a month in Wytheville.

Mrs. J. Bennett, formerly of this city, now of Washington, is in the city visiting relatives and friends.

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## ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

**Keep Your Own House First.**

Biddy was a nuisance. That was the opinion of the farm yard folk who wore feathers instead of overcoats. Biddy was an old setting hen, who always was doing peculiar things and meddling in every one's business until she was most heartily disliked. She was so silly that she actually sat on an old white china door knob for six weeks, and Bill, the farm hand, declares she tried once to "sit on an axe and hatchet." Mrs. Buff-Leghorn had a nice little home in the hayloft, where she, with the kindly help of her husband, was trying to raise a family of thirteen youngsters out of the same number of white shiny eggs.

Biddy was trying to do the same on the other side of the loft, but spent most of her time advising the others.

"Tuk-tuk-tuk," she cried. "Good morning, Mrs. Buff. I see you are not sitting properly on your eggs—seven in front, six behind, that's the proper thing. Besides, you don't cover them all. I see one sticking out now. They will be ruined, ruined, sure as fate. Tuk-tuk-tuk."

"What are these?" asked Jennings, as he contemplated the silent forms.

"O, is justice," the other Mercy," was the reply.

"Most appropriate!" exclaimed Ralph, bitterly. "There is certainly neither justice nor mercy shown in this frightful violation of the laws of nature."

"These statues are supposed to represent human mercy and justice; that of which you speak is divine," said the third man, who up to this time had said nothing. He was an officer of the English household, and his voice was quiet, while his tone was full of reverence.

"Can you see any justice or mercy, human or divine, in such a fearful thing as this?" asked Ralph, as he waved his hands about in a gesture which embraced all the surrounding wreckage.

"I cannot presume to judge," was the quiet reply. "Such matters are quite beyond human ken."

"You are right," replied the other. "Let us go on, Mr. Fearing. This is but delaying my search and affording us no satisfaction."

They continued upon their way up the street, and after a few minutes proceeded in a southerly direction toward the shore.

"Do you think the volcano has finished its work?" asked Ralph, turning to the silent Englishman.

"I do not know enough of such matters to make an intelligent reply," was the answer. "It seems to me, however, that it has little if anything more left to do. It has destroyed the city, killed all the inhabitants that were in it; what more is there left?"

"All that remained in it?" asked Ralph. "Did any escape before the eruption?"

"O, yes, such as could get away before the Governor came and prevented people leaving."

"Prevented their leaving?" cried Ralph. "Why was that?"

"Because he thought that it would amount to nothing. He has paid for his foolishness with his life, so nothing can be said."

"How many got away?" asked Jennings, as they tramped along, ankle deep in the dust.

"I do not know. Many are at Port de France, and many others have gone to Guadalupe and the islands near at hand—such as could get away. Port de France is full of refugees."

"Port de France?" said Ralph in a questioning tone. "I do not quite know where that is."

"Across the island," was the reply. "It is entirely out of danger from the mountain at any time, and it is at present full of people from all about the island. They fringed the shore, and there is no cause for fear beyond a certain area."

They were now passing out of the city. "Before long we shall reach our destination," said Jennings, who was looking back at the ruins of the city with a sad expression.

He turned and saw that the English officer, for he could see that it was no common interest that had brought him to the spot.

"The sooner the better," was the reply. "In a quiet voice, Ralph had himself well in hand, now that he was actually upon the spot, and alive to a sense of what might have happened and what he might have encountered."

They trudged on and in a few minutes more the American turned in between two tall and beautifully ornamented stone posts, on which hung gates of delicate and artistic design.

Beyond the house was standing.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME? A West Indian Romance.

By PHILIP LITTLE—Copyright by Author.

### CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

As the little vessel ran into the harbor of St. Pierre there were found, lying at anchor, an English gunboat, an American vessel of the same type, and a newspaper dispatch boat. Jennings could hardly credit his eyes. The hills, as well as the city itself, seemed covered with a light fall of pale gray snow.

They neared the shore, the crumbled and fallen ruins were plainly seen, but all covered with the thin, gray pall of dust, as though the volcano had been desirous of hiding its hideous work.

The English gunboat, the American vessel, the newspaper dispatch boat, and the English vessel, all seemed to have been already drawn up on the shore, gave directions to Minnie, and started at once upon his gawking search.

As his boat started upon the beach he stepped quickly out and walked toward the first street that he saw ahead of him. He did not ask himself how he was going to find out where the de la Touche family had lived, he simply went blindly ahead, stunned with the evidences of the awful fate which had come to the doomed city.

He had made but little progress when he saw, approaching him, two officers, evidently from the ships in the harbor. One of them touched his cap politely as he said:

"Pardon me, can I be of any assistance? I am an American, a lieutenant in the navy, my name is Fearing. You are searching for some one?"

The other stopped and looked at Ralph with a grave expression in his clear-cut, clean-shaven face.

"Yes, Mr. Fearing, I am. I can only hope to find no trace of the person for whom I search. It will then be within the possibilities that she has escaped."

He gave them his name and the three turned and continued up the street. "But," said Ralph, handing a paper to Fearing, "is the address of the person with whom she was visiting. I am quite in ignorance of the locality."

The young lieutenant took the paper and read the direction with a look of surprise. "But," he said, "I know well where that is. It is to the south, just on the outskirts and the sea, where all the rich residents lived. I am almost sure that I carried a message to Mr. de la Touche, who was in here at that time, and I think that it was to him that I took the answer to an invitation. It is not a very long walk, but the dust is very thick."

As he spoke he scuffled aside some six inches of the soft gray covering that lay over everything.

"That matters little to me," replied Ralph. "But am I not interrupting you in some duty, Mr. Fearing?"

"No; it is more or less what I am here for. I am looking for possible living persons that we may find in order that we may help them, but I think that I shall have little to do. We are also here to prevent the desecration of the dead."

They plodded silently on for a time, stopping now and then to gaze at the inextricable tangle of the ruins, or stepping aside to avoid a group of dead bodies, which they found everywhere.

The city was one vast charnel house, and Ralph's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as they proceeded upon their way.

"That is the city hall," said the American, as he made a detour around the pile of corpses that lay in front of it, "but it is in for a moment, if you do not object."

Ralph followed, and they stepped into the silent building, and then out upon an open court, which was full of wreck and ruin.

Here amid all the tangled debris, quite unharmed, though covered with dust, stood two statues.

"What are these?" asked Jennings, as he contemplated the silent forms.

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but the roof had fallen in, and nothing remained but parts of the four walls.

The three men walked quietly toward the ruined building. A broad veranda ran around three sides, most of the floor of which was thick with bricks, mortar, dust and general remains of the wholesale destruction which had overtaken the place.

As they turned the corner a growling sight met their eyes.

Stretched out upon the debris which covered the floor from eight lay the bodies of three people, one man and two women. They were covered with dust, but were otherwise unharmed.

With a gasp and shaking hands Ralph Jennings reverently approached the inanimate forms and carefully removed the dust from the faces of the two women. As the features of both were revealed to sight he uttered a sigh of relief.

"She is not here," he said softly. "Who?" asked the others, involuntarily. "The woman I seek," was the reply.

Both men hastened to apologize, but Ralph raised his hand.

"It was quite natural," he said, with a sad smile. "There is no reason why you should not have done so. I do not know if I am glad or sorry. Let us look further."

They made their way into the building, but it was evident that there were no bodies there or they would have been easily found. The ground was all covered with the fine gray dust. Fearing shook it from the blossoms of a plant, and a most beautiful orchid burst into view, an "unhurt" in spite of its covering; in fact it had proved its safeguard.

They walked toward the harbor, looking down near the water's edge before they went. "I do not want to leave a stone unturned."

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## DAILY FASHION HINTS.



**LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE.**

The dressing sacque is the most important article in a woman's wardrobe these warm days. For morning or house wear there is nothing so cool and comfortable. The stole collar effect is an attractive feature of this waist. The fullness of the body part is given by pleats from the shoulder in the front, and the back has a Watteau pleat, which may be gathered if desired. The flowing sleeve may be gathered into a cuff if that style sleeve is preferred.

No. 6,019—Sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., 78 Fifth Avenue, New York. When ordering please do not fail to mention number.

No. 6,019.

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